

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 356.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

PRICE 14d.

A FRENCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

At the scholastic establishment at home where I had the honour of being educated, there were eight hundred of us distributed among some five-and-twenty boarding-houses. Every one had a room to himself, snugly furnished with cupboard, bedstead, Kidderminster carpet, bureau, fireplace, chairs, table, and any other accessory we liked to add from our privy purses in the way of pictures, statuettes, ottomans, pianos, or pier-glasses. We breakfasted in these rooms, and took tea in them; some of us alone in our glory, devouring potted meats unaided; others, more sociably inclined, in messes of three or four, where it took us one sitting to dispose of a tongue, and about three to consume a ham. Dinner and supper we had with our tutors, divines of classical attainments and friendly manners, who were assisted in the duties of hospitality by their wives. The linen at the board was always of the whitest, the forks and spoons of silver—no electro-plate—the fare well cooked and abundant, the puddings diurnal, the beer commendable; whilst the attendance was performed by a butler in white cravat, and a footman or two in livery. In the matter of work, the amount of toil actually imposed upon us by the authorities averaged between one hour and a quarter and two hours and a half a day; one hour and a quarter on half-holidays, two hours and a half on whole school-days. The preparatory work we did out of school-hours, how and when we pleased, or not at all—only, if we adopted this latter course, we exposed ourselves to a private interview with the head-master, a doctor of divinity, who had well pondered over that proverb which states how the child is spoiled.

For exercise-ground, we had a small town, a royal borough, a royal park, some cricket-fields, unmatched for scenic beauty by any others in the kingdom, and some twenty or thirty wild meadows, which we rented for three months a year to play football in. Add to all this a wide river, on which those who could swim (and we all learned to swim there, if we did nothing else)

might disport themselves, singly, in skiffs and outriggers, or eight together in long boats, which went mighty excursions to water-side inns, where the crew got out and refreshed themselves on shandy-gaff, or sat down to feast more nobly on ducks, green pease, and champagne. We had a debating club of our own, a rifle corps, and a newspaper. With our rifle corps we went long marches, practised shooting at a private set of butts, competed in the summer for honours at Wimbledon, and once or twice a year were reviewed by some distinguished personage come down for the purpose. On one occasion we enjoyed the signal favour of a special inspection by Her Majesty. In our newspaper—which appeared fortnightly, price three-pence—we recorded our achievements by flood and field, criticised one another's athletic shortcomings, and, for the benefit of the world in general, gave a cursory insight into our views upon passing events. Needless to say that we dressed like gentlemen; that we had the sole keeping of our clothes and linen; that our hats were mostly new and glossy, our white ties—I am talking here of the 'Upper Boys'—of emblematic purity, our coats speckless, our umbrellas trimly folded; and that, taken all in all, we were as neat, cheerful, and withal dignified a set of youngsters as it would have been possible to find in any country under the stars.

When I left this school, after seven of the happiest years I have ever spent, or shall ever spend again, my heart was full to overflowing. There were forty or fifty of us all leaving together. Most of our number had brilliant prospects before them—Oxford, Cambridge, the army, or, better still, the Guards, with anticipations of a gay life, to be crowned by a splendid marriage, entry into parliament, and eventual succession to higher dignities. And yet, not even amongst these last few, favourites of fortune, was there anything but sorrow at parting from the old school. I think we all felt that, come what might, the world would never give us what we were leaving behind. We shook hands with each other on separating, feeling really both grave and sad; and I can vouch that, had any power existed to make the bargain, many

of us would gladly have sacrificed a great deal of what future good was in store for us, to be allowed to remain another year where we were.

I confess, therefore, that with a mind so replete with tender memories of the place where I had passed my boy-days, I found it difficult to sympathise with the exuberant delight of a gawky French lad of my acquaintance who announced to me a short while ago that he was about leaving school. This was in Paris. The gawky French lad was the son of a French friend of mine, and I took a semi-amiable interest in him in consequence. I cannot say, though, that I had ever been particularly struck either by his physical or mental endowments. He was not my ideal of a school-boy; far from it. About eighteen years old, he stood five feet eight in his shoes; had a pasty complexion, sparse whiskers, a distressing allotment of pimples about the chin, and a husky sort of voice, that made one think of gargle. His collegian's tunic and trousers always seemed too short for him—a puzzling circumstance, for his father was liberal enough in discharging tailors' bills—his boots, moreover, had a disastrous aspect, resembling nothing whatever in point of shape. When he stood at ease or sat, he had a trick of stooping, as if there was a heavy load of invisible bricks saddled permanently on his shoulders; and when he set his body in motion, his arms and legs all went together like the sails of a windmill. One day, seeing him stand before me, gaunt and lean, I asked permission to feel his biceps, and, having done so, arrived at the conclusion that, if he ever came to close quarters with an English school-boy, it would be prudent for him, on every ground, to decline the contest.

'Well,' said I, 'why are you so glad to leave your school?'

He grinned from ear to ear. There was nothing human in this grin. I fancy Pluto's prisoners, when they obtained their ticket-of-leave for Olympus, must have grinned in that way.

'Oh, you should see what a place it is,' he answered laconically.

I resolved to take him at his word, partly because I was apprehensive that they didn't give him enough to eat, and partly because, having never visited a large French school with minuteness, I felt this would be good opportunity for acquiring information. A week or so afterwards, I was ringing at the door of the College X—, one of the largest and best in Paris.

There was nothing outside, excepting a large board over the door, to betray that it was a school. But for this board, one might have taken the place for a barrack, a hospital, a union, or a newly whitewashed manufactory. There was no sound of laughing or shouting; no boys at the windows; no young gentlemen loitering about in the vicinity, to stare one boldly in the face, and to nudge one another's elbows as we passed. Everything was cold, trim, and regular; bars to all the windows; and on the high walls, which presumably enclosed the playground, a fine arrangement of iron spikes. The *conciierge* who opened the door for me looked like an old soldier. I asked for my gawky young friend, who had returned to school since I last saw him, to finish his half-year; and was shewn in silence to a long room, which had much the same appearance as the second-class waiting-rooms at the large London stations. This was the 'Visitors' Parlour.'

The first question of my guide rather took me aback, for I believe it is identical with that put to persons who go and visit patients in hospitals.

'Monsieur will excuse me,' said he; 'but as Monsieur is a stranger, I think it right to tell him that the young gentlemen here may receive what presents they please in the way of sweetmeats, fruit, and such like, but not wine or spirits.'

'No, of course not,' I answered astonished; 'but I have not brought anything.' And I felt my pockets all over, as proof of my veracity.

'Thank you, sir,' he replied apologetically; 'but you see one is obliged to be careful. Not long ago, some gentlemen from Paris came to see one of the pupils, and brought two bottles of rum with them. There was a pretty to do: we had six of the pupils drunk.'

He vanished, to fetch my friend; and the latter arrived in a few minutes, gaunt as ever, but elated by reason of my visit, which took him away from his books. He informed me with satisfaction that I had committed an irregularity in coming to visit him on a Tuesday in the forenoon, seeing that the authorised days for visitors were Thursday and Sunday, from two till six. He added that it was only by telling the 'professor' that I was his uncle that he had managed to get out at all, and proposed that we should sit down where we were, and talk for a couple of hours. But I wanted to see the school.

'Can't we go and walk about your play-ground?' I asked.

He shook his head. 'It's against rules. Visitors always see the fellows here. On Thursday afternoons, the place is so crammed that often you can't find room to sit down.'

'But by asking the head-master?'

The prospect of being brought into contact with the head-master appeared quite in antipathy with his feelings. Nevertheless, after a little pressing, he gave in; and Auguste, the *conciierge*, was despatched to inform M. Z—that a gentleman requested the favour of being allowed to view his establishment.

Frenchmen are either very cheerful or very stiff. Government functionaries are usually stiff, and the head-master of a large public school considers himself more or less a government functionary. I should mention that the French for head-master is *provisieur*, and that the *provisieur* has nothing to do with teaching. He simply acts as governor of the college, superintending everything and everybody, and dispensing rewards or punishments. The *provisieur* of the College X— was a grave man, evidently impressed with a sense of his mission. He came in with a large bunch of keys in his hand, bowed coldly, and was civil enough to say that, though the proceeding was irregular, especially on a Tuesday, he should be happy to shew me over the house. So out we went, M. Z— leading, I next, my gawky friend last.

First, we inspected the class-rooms. 'Four hundred pupils in the college,' remarked the *provisieur*; 'that is, a hundred and seventy boarders, and two hundred and thirty day-boys. They are divided into eight classes. This is the second class, the highest but one;' and he threw open the door. My gawky friend from behind poked me in the side, and whispered: 'My class.'

Class No. 2 was composed of about seventy pupils, the exceeding shabbiness of whom was the

prime feature that struck one. They had apparently none of them brushed their hair since the previous Sunday; their collars, wrist-bands, &c., were guiltless of starch; and there was a liberal sprinkling of ink smudges on their hands, and here and there on their faces. Yet these might be considered the *élite*, and they were all what would on this side of the Channel be called sons of gentlemen. M. Z—— had even mentioned to me, in a tone of self-complacency, not unmixed with awe, that Class 2 contained the son of a cabinet minister.

The only point of similarity I could detect between this room full of French public-school-boys and an English school-class was this, that in both cases the number of pupils is three times as large as a single professor can properly manage. The young gentlemen were construing Euripides; and, thinking probably that I should be glad to have a specimen of their proficiency, the proviseur told the pupil who was standing up when we went in to 'go on.' My patriotism was soothed at perceiving that the young Frenchman stammered, stuttered, and blundered quite as much as I used to do when I read Euripides.

The professor was a pale, scholarly man, wearing a black stuff gown, with a palm branch, indicative of a university degree, embroidered on the lapet. He looked jaded; and as I felt curious to know what might be the salary of a French tutor of high standing, I asked the question of the proviseur as we left the room.

'It depends,' said he in answer. 'The *répétiteurs*, who only superintend the boys out of school-hours, and see that they do their preparatory work, receive from five hundred to six hundred and fifty francs a year' [twenty to twenty-six pounds], 'but they are housed and fed. The salaries of the *professeurs*, who teach, but for the most part reside out of college, range between twelve hundred francs and four thousand francs.' M. Z—— appeared to think this ample. For myself, I thought of the minimum which Dr Temple fixes for the salary of a good public-school tutor—five hundred pounds; and I called to mind what had been told me by a Frenchman of experience, that universalists of distinction seldom keep long to the professorship,* but try and strike out for themselves a more lucrative career in journalism. Forty-eight pounds a year is certainly not an extravagant remuneration, especially if it be remembered that French college professors are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, and may be moved by that official from one end of France to the other at a moment's warning. Indeed, a professor suspected of too much liberalism is very often transferred in this way from a large college in the capital to some small one in the provinces; and there is no compensation in such cases, nor power of appeal.

From the class-rooms, in all of which predominated the characteristics of smudged fingers, matted locks, and crumpled shirts, noticed in No. 2, we went up-stairs to the dormitories. There were four of them, containing from forty to forty-five beds apiece. These beds were low, made of iron, and supplied with but one mattress each; they stood about two feet apart—that is, just the space required by a cane-bottomed chair—and were unadorned by

curtains. This, however, was no great matter; but what filled me with tacit dismay was the extremely scanty accommodation for washing. To each dormitory was attached a lavatory, in which figured six hand-basins—six among forty-five!—and as it turned out upon inquiry that the getting-up bell and the first school-bell of a morning were separated by only half an hour's interval, I tried to surmise what could be the extent of the ablutions of those youths who had last turn at the basin, and only five minutes left wherein to wash, to dress, and get down-stairs in time! The linen arrangements likewise struck me as affording scope for reform. A change was allowed only twice a week, on Thursdays and Sundays; and the proviseur mentioned to me, apparently as an illustration of a most successful mode of dealing with an offence common to school-boys, that pupils who lost their pocket-handkerchiefs were punished by being deprived of one for seven days. My gawky friend added in a rueful whisper, that the penalty was not confined to this, for that the transcription of a hundred lines of Greek was generally superadded. Over the door of the dormitories was painted in big letters the word SILENCE! and I was told that it was the mission of four unfortunate *répétiteurs* (ushers), one of whom slept in each of the rooms, to enforce this injunction. These *répétiteurs*, by the way, called in school-slang *pions* (beggars), are the scapegoats of French boys. Miserably paid, hectorated over by the proviseur, looked down upon by the professors, despised, hated, and bullied by the pupils, they lead a dog's life of it. It is difficult to see what advantage can lie in placing boys under the constant supervision of such persecuted beings as these. Boys can learn no good from persons whom they do not respect. Surely it would be well to take the ushers from a higher class of men, and to pay them better. Some of the *répétiteurs* in provincial *lycées* receive only three hundred francs per annum—twelve pounds!

After the dormitories, the kitchens. M. Z—— was proud of his kitchens, and, in truth, there was no fault to find there. I admired, as he bade me, the brightness of the copper saucepans, the whiteness of the deal tables, the cleanliness of the man-cook and his three scullions, all in flat caps, and with heads close cropped. The least enthusiastic of our party was as usual my gawky friend, who hinted, *sotto voce*, that in the iron pots simmering on the stoves was boiled beef, and that there was boiled beef every day for dinner—too much of one thing, as it seemed to him. When we went up to the dining-room, however, he was candid enough to avow that boiled beef was often followed by roast mutton or veal. This dining-room was of an imposing size, and was ready, when we saw it, for half-past eleven o'clock luncheon, or fork-breakfast, as the French say. There were no table-cloths, and there was a complete absence of napkins; on the other hand, the room contained a pulpit, which I learned was filled at meal-times by a pupil, who read aloud passages of the *Imitatio Christi* or the *Pensées de Pascal*, whilst his comrades ate in silence. Heaven forbid that I should scoff, but I have yet to learn how the digestion of my boiled beef could be improved by the reading of the *Imitatio Christi* to me at dinner-time.

By-the-bye, I was not pleased at finding that one of the most common punishments at the College X—— was the putting of youths for one or more

* That is, unless they can obtain a professorship at the University of Paris, or the Collège de France.

days on dry bread and water. My gawky friend, who seemed well up in such branches of information, pointed out the table where boys undergoing this penance were set to dine in solitude. There were three hunks of bread on it at that moment, and a stone jug, with three mugs—piteous banquet.

I had yet to see the play-ground, and luck favoured me, for whilst we were there, out came the four hundred in a rushing, scrambling, stamping torrent, from school. The play-ground, about three acres in size, was filled in an instant, and there was plenty of shouting on the part of the younger boys; but the seniors appeared to me the most benighted collection of youths I have ever set eyes on. No games, no cricket, no football. They were above playing at marbles, like the small fry, and probably too lazy for prisoner's-base, which my gawky friend assured me was well known to them. I asked him what they did for amusement. 'Oh!' said he, 'we talk;' but here he nudged me on the elbow, and rolled his eyes mysteriously in the direction of M. Z—, whose presence evidently deterred him from offering further information. He has since explained to me that one of the chief modes of recreation amongst the upper boys was the reading of newspapers, which the day-pupils smuggled in under heavy risks and penalties; the perusal of periodical literature being formally interdicted. The boys withdrew into out-of-the-way corners to read the forbidden prints, three taking their turn at a time, whilst three more 'played dog'—that is, stood ready to bark a warning should a pion be seen approaching. It is unnecessary to remark, that the papers selected for importation were seldom of the *Moniteur* or *Journal des Débats* type.

'And how many hours a day do your pupils work, Monsieur?' I inquired of the proviseur, after contemplating the dispiriting unboy-like groups of youths sauntering two and two, or three and three, round the dusty ground.

'This is a hard-working college, Monsieur,' he replied, with pride. 'We study' (the *we* sounded strangely, since he did none of the studying at all)—'we study ten hours a day in summer, nine in winter; and I am thankful to say we always make a figure—a very good figure—at the *Concours Général*' [the *Concours Général* is the annual competitive examination between the pupils of all the lycées of France].

There was consolation in this, at all events, though I could not help remembering the performance of the young gentleman with the Euripides. But perhaps my gawky friend is a good scholar, thought I, so I ventured to try him. When I shook hands with him at parting, I said: 'You must know a famous amount of Greek after working ten hours a day for eight years?'

'O yes,' he answered.

'Well, then,' I continued, 'say good-bye to me in Greek.'

I regret to say this request floored him. He adroitly pretended not to hear it, and, pocketing the tip I had left in his palm (for that institution is cosmopolitan), exclaimed: 'Well, now, isn't this a hole?'

We were at the street door then, and M. Z— had left us. I made no answer, however, for I had no wish to foster a spirit of criticism in my French friend's gawky son; but walking home, I mused

within me that it was scarcely a good sign to hear a boy, after eight years of it, call his school a hole; and it occurred to me, for once in a way, that we manage some things better in England.

BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN COUPLES.

WHAT tender-nurtured boy, newly arrived at school—that Paradise when looked back upon from afar, that *Inferno* of the present—has not awakened from sweet dreams of home with a heavy heart? Who has not pictured to himself the weary months that must elapse before he once more regains his freedom and his friends? The burden (one may say) is light, but then the back is also weak that bears it. It is a genuine woe. Something of this, but tenfold in intensity of wretchedness, did Richard feel when he awoke for the first time a convicted felon. He had dreamed that Carew was dead, and left him heir of Crompton; his mother and he were there, and Harry as his wife. The splendour of the house, the beauty of the grand domain about it, were as vividly presented to him as when he saw them with his eyes; and they were all his own. The hope of his youth, the desire of his manhood, were gratified to the uttermost; yet through all ran an under-current which mirrored a portion of the present reality. In the marshy pond where he had fought the Squire by moonlight, lay two bodies; it was shallow, as it really had been, and he could see their faces as he peered into the water: they were those of Coe and Trevethick. He kept them there, and would not have the pond dragged; but would go thither and gloat upon them for half a summer's day. The mansion was full of gay folks—his old town companions invited to visit him, and behold his greatness (as he had often imagined they should be): Tub Ryll was his jester now, and Parson Whymper his 'chaplain.' They were all playing pool as usual, and he was just about to make an easy hazard, when somebody jogged his elbow. It was the warder of the jail.

'Come, come—this won't do,' said he gruffly. 'You must jump up when the bell rings, or we shall quarrel. Fold up your hammock, and clean your room.'

Even the schoolboy does not begin on his first morning to reckon on his chimney almanack 'One day gone; twenty-four hours nearer to the holidays;' and how should Richard make that cheerful note, who had twenty years of prison-life before him, save one day!

He did as he was ordered; wearily, with a heart that had no hope: it seemed to the warder that his air was sullen.

'If this happens again, young fellow, I report you; and then good-bye to your *V Ga*.'

He did not mean to be brutal; but Richard could have stabbed him where he stood. There were times to come when the temptation to commit such an act was to be very strong within him; and when no thought of punishment, far less of right, restrained him, but that of his projected vengeance always did. Every rough word, every insult, every wrong, was treasured up in his mind, and added to the long account against those who had doomed him to such a fate. It

should be paid in full one day; and in the meantime the debt was out at compound interest.

He took his sordid meals, his cocoa, his bread, his gruel, not because he had ever any appetite for them, but because without them he should lose his strength. He must husband that for the long-expected hour when he might need it; when the moment had arrived to strike the blow for which his hand was clenched ten times a day. His hate grew every hour, and like a petrifying spring, fell drop by drop about his heart, and made it stone. In the meantime, a fiend in torment could alone imagine what he suffered. He spoke to no one but his warders and the chaplain; for now he was a convict, there was no communication with his fellows; only once a day for an hour and a half he took his monotonous exercise in the high-walled prison-yard. Tramp, tramp, tramp, each half-a-dozen paces behind the other, with an officer on the watch to see that the limit was preserved.

'Keep your distance, you there, unless you want to be reported.'

Richard did not want that; but at times his temper was like a devil unchained, and it got the better of him, and even of his treasured purpose; he sometimes returned a sharp answer. This weakness was almost the only feeling within him that reminded him that he was human. He was put on bread and water within the first fortnight; then cursed his folly, for thus postponing the one object of his life, and amended. His case was quoted to the visiting justices as an exemplification of the efficacy of cutting short a prisoner's supplies.

While exercising one day, he recognised Balfour, who happened to be on the opposite side of the ever-moving circle: the old jail-bird, without glancing towards him, threw his open hands out twice. By this he conveyed to him that his own sentence was also twenty years. During the nine months Richard remained at Cross Key, this was all that happened to him which could be called an incident. At the end of three months, his mother essayed to visit him; but he would not see her. She had been ill, it seemed, ever since that dreadful day of the trial, and was only just convalescent; she had had lodgings in the town, within a hundred yards of him, ever since: it was something, poor soul, to know that she was near him, however inexorably separated. 'It would please him,' she wrote, 'to learn that, through Mr Whymper's intercession, Carew had continued her pension. She had money enough, therefore, and to spare, but intended to go on with her business of lodging-house keeping, in a new quarter of London, and under another name (that of Basil), that she might save, and her Richard find himself a rich man when he regained his liberty. In fifteen years—she had discovered that his time could be remitted to that extent—there would be quite a little fortune for him. In the meantime, she thought of him night and day.' But there was something else in the letter. 'She confessed that in her agony at his dreadful doom, she had written to his prosecutor to adjure him to appeal for mercy to the crown; and he had refused to do so.' This news had driven Richard almost to frenzy. He had written her such a letter as the prison authorities had refused to send, and now he would not see her.

He wrote again; more moderately, however, to bid her never mention Trevethick's name

again, nor Coe's, nor Harry's, if she wished him to think of her as his mother: they were dead to him, he said, *for the present*. To be brief, Richard never saw his mother after his conviction. He wished to harden his heart, and not to have it melted within him; and perhaps his fury at her having appealed to Trevethick was purposely exaggerated, with this object. His recollection of 'the cage,' it must be remembered, was also not such as to make the idea of an interview attractive; moreover, that his mother should see him in his convict dress, kept within iron bars like a wild beast, seemed to him to afford a triumph to his deadly enemies.

In the tenth month, Richard with the other convicts were transferred to Lingmoor, one of the great penal settlements. They were 'removed' for some portion of the distance in vans, like furniture; or we might rather say in caravans, like wild beasts; but for some miles they travelled by railway. They were handcuffed and chained together two and two, as pointers are upon their journeys, except that the connection was at the wrist instead of the neck. Silence was strictly enjoined, but this one opportunity of conversing with their fellow-creatures was not to be let slip. Richard's other half was a notorious burglar called Rolfe; this man had passed a quarter of a century in jail, and was conversant with every plan of trickery and evasion of orders. His countenance was not at all of that bull-dog type with which his class is falsely, though generally credited; he had good features, though somewhat hard in their expression, and very intelligent gray eyes. It was their very intelligence, so sharp, so piercing, and yet which avoided your gaze, that shewed to those who studied such matters, what he was. After one glance at Richard, he never looked at him again, but stared straight before him, and talked in muttered tones unceasingly, and with lips as motionless as those of a ventriloquist. He was doing fourteen years for cracking a public-house; and had cracked a good many private ones: concerning the details of which enterprises he was very eloquent. When he had concluded his autobiography, he began to evince some interest in the circumstances of his companion. Richard, however, did not care to enlighten him on his own concerns, but confined his conversation to the one topic that was common between them—jails. Rolfe gave him a synopsis of the annals of Lingmoor, to which he was bound not for the first time. It was a place that had a bad reputation among those who became perforce its inmates; tobacco, for which elsewhere convenient warders charged a shilling an ounce, was there not less than eighteenpence: such a tariff was shameful, and almost amounted to a prohibition. A pal of his had hung himself there—it was supposed through deprivation of this necessary. It was 'a queer case;' for he had 'tucked himself up' to the bars of his cell by his braces, the buckles of which had left livid marks upon his neck. His Prayer-book had been found open at the Burial of the Dead, and it was understood that he had read that service over himself before taking leave of the world. He had also written his will with a point of the said brace-buckles upon the brick of his cell. He himself (Mr Rolfe) had been called as a witness at the inquest; and had thereby obtained two hours' relaxation from labour; but upon the whole he

would rather have been working with his gang—the affair had quite upset him; and since its occurrence, the inmates of Lingmoor were forbidden to use braces.

'Were there any escapes from Lingmoor, by any other means?' inquired Richard.

'Escapes!' Mr Rolfe's countenance assumed a more solemn vacuity than ever. It was an indiscretion of his young friend to shape that word with his lips, while a warder sat in the same carriage. Yes, there had been such things even at Lingmoor. But it was a difficult job, even for one used to cracking cribs. The outer wall was not to be scaled without a ladder, and ladders were even more difficult to procure than tobacco. Even if you did get over the outer wall, the space around the prison was very bare; and the sentries had orders to shoot you fleeing. If you got to Bergen Wood, two miles away, you might be safe so far, but it was a dangerous business. Nobody had ever done it yet without 'putting somebody out.'

This was a euphemism for murder, as Richard was by this time 'old hand' enough to know.

'Warders!' inquired he indifferently, for he had already learned to value that objectionable class at a low figure.

'Hush! Yes; you must kill "a dog" or two before you say good-bye to Lingmoor, unless you can put them to sleep.' [Bribery.] 'There was a man once as had to kill his pal to do it.'

'How could that help him?' Richard felt no interest whatever in these narratives as stories; but since they referred to escapes, they were entrancing. The convict who is cast for death thinks of nothing but a reprieve; the 'lifer' or the long-termers, thinks of nothing but an escape—and (sometimes) vengeance.

'Well, it was curious. There was a "Smasher" [utterer of counterfeit coin] named Molony in for life there—a thin-shanked shambling fellow, as Smashers mostly are—mere trash. He had got a file, this fool, and dared not use it—kept it as close as though it were "bacca," and waited for his chance, instead of making his chance for himself. Damme, if I had a file!'

Mr Rolfe's feelings of irritation were almost too much for him; he turned up the whites of his eyes, so that persons who were unacquainted with his views upon religious subjects, might have supposed him to be engaged in some devotional exercise.

'Next door to this fellow—though it seemed a long way off, for the cell was in an angle of the prison—there was one of the right sort; name of Jeffreys. No prison in England could have held him if he had had a file. With a rusty nail as he had picked up, he dug through his cell wall, and came out one night, all of a sudden, upon the Smasher—thought he was out of doors, poor beggar, through this cursed angle, you see, and after all had only changed his room.'

'That must have been the devil,' observed Richard.

'It was,' said Mr Rolfe, significantly.

'Why, how on earth did you do it?' asked the Smasher. At least I suppose he did, for the conversation was not reported, as you shall hear. 'With a mere nail, too. Why, I've got a file, and yet I never thought of that.'

'A file!' cried Jeffreys. 'Let's look. Give it to me.'

'But Molony wouldn't give it him. The case was this, you see. If Jeffreys could have filed his irons off, and then the window-bars, he could have made a push for it; but he couldn't wait for the other; the night was too far gone for that—there was only time for one to free himself and get away. The Smasher was willing enough to make an effort now; the other's pluck had put a good heart into him. But since he had been there so long, and never moved a hand to help himself, Jeffreys thought he might stop a little longer; it seemed to him dog-in-the-manger-like to be refused the file—at least that's my view of what he thought; though he's been blamed a good deal for what afterwards happened.'

'But what did happen?'

'Well, they got to high words; the 'other' wouldn't give up the file; and when Jeffreys tried to get hold of it, what did the aggravation Smasher do—for you see he was used to bolting half-crowns and such like—but swallow the file!'

'Why, that must have killed him?' observed Yorke.

'So Jeffreys concluded,' returned Mr Rolfe coolly; 'and indeed that was his defence when his trial came on. He pleaded that Molony was dead already. "I did not put the file down his throat, though I did deprive him of it afterwards. I was obliged to do it." He made an anatomy of him with the nail, in fact, just as the surgeons do with their dissecting knives, though not so neat, in order to get at the file. An ugly job, I call it; but it was a very pretty case the lawyers said, as to whether murder had been done or not.'

'But did this Jeffreys get off?'

'Upon the trial—yes; but not from the prison. He got into the yard all right, and climbed the wall by making steps of the file and the nail; but in dropping on the other side, he broke his leg; and so they nabbed him. It's a very hard nut to crack is Lingmoor, I can tell you.'

With these and similar incidents of prison-life, Mr Rolfe regaled his companion's ears. The sound of this man's voice, muffled as it was, notwithstanding the nature of his talk, was pleasant to Richard, after so many months of enforced silence. After long starvation, the stomach is thankful for even garbage; and so it is with the mind. Moreover, anything would have seemed better than to sit and think during that hateful journey. The railway part of it was by far the worse. To be made a show of at the various stations—every one curious to see how convicts looked in their full regimentals, chained and ironed; to behold the other passengers who were free; to see the happy meetings of lovers and friends, of parents and children; and the partings that were scarcely partings at all compared with his own length of exile from all mankind: these were things the bitterness of which Richard felt to the uttermost; his very blood ran gall. His friend Belfour was among his fellow-travellers, but they did not journey in the same van, nor railway carriage. Had it been otherwise, Richard might have felt some sense of companionship; whereas the contact of this man Rolfe seemed to degrade him to his level, and isolate him from humanity itself. At the same time, he shrank with sensitiveness from the gaze of the gaping crowd. It is so difficult, even with the strongest will to do so, to become callous and hardened to shame except by slow degrees: every finger seemed

to point at him in recognition, every tongue to be telling of his disgrace and doom; whereas, in simple fact, his own mother would scarcely have known him in such a garb, and with those iron ornaments about his limbs; his fine hair cropped to the roots; his delicate features worn and sharpened with spare diet and want of sleep; above all, with those haggard eyes, always watching and waiting for something a long way off; almost, indeed, out of sight at present, but coming up, as a ship comes spar by spar, above the horizon, taking shape and distinctness as it nears. There were nineteen years and three months still, however, between him and it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—OUT OF THE WORLD.

This tedious, shameful travel came to an end at nightfall. Their way had lain all day through landscapes of great beauty, though about to lose the last remnants of their autumn splendour; but when they left the rail, the woods, and glens, and rivers were seen no more. All was dreary moorland, where Winter had already begun to reign. A village or two was passed, among whose scanty population their appearance created little excitement: such sights were common in that locality. They were on the high-road that leads to Lingmoor, and to nowhere else. The way seemed as typical of their outcast life-path as a page out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Vanity Fair, where they would fain have tarried if they could, was left far behind them; while to some of them, the road was doomed to be the veritable Valley of the Shadow. They were never to see the world, nor partake of its coarse and brutal pleasures—the only ones they cared for, or perhaps had experienced—any more. How bare, and desolate, and wretched was the prospect! There was no living thing in sight; only the wild moorland streams hurried by, as if themselves desirous to escape from the barren solitude. Not a tree was to be seen save Bergen Wood, which Richard's companion indicated to him, as they neared it, by a movement of the eyelid. It had been the tomb of many a convict, who had striven for freedom, and found death. As they emerged from it, Lingmoor prison presented itself, solid, immense, and gloomy, as though it were built of steel—the 'Castle of Giant Despair.' Its guarded gate was swung back, and all were marched into a paved court-yard, where their names were called over, and their irons removed. Then each was stripped and searched, and another uniform substituted for that they had worn at Cross Key. The old hands seemed to take a pride in knowing what was about to be done beforehand; in being recognised by the warders, though their greeting was but a contemptuous shrug; and in threading the windings of the stone labyrinths with an accustomed step. Richard was ushered into a cell, the exact counterpart of that he had lately inhabited; and yet he regarded it with the interest which one cannot fail to feel in what is to be one's home for years.

Home! Frightful misnomer for that place, warm and well ventilated as it was, and supplied with the latest products of civilisation. The gas was burning brightly; fresh cool water flowed at his will; at his touch a bell rang, and instantly, outside his door, an iron plate sprang out, and indicated to the warder in what cell his presence

was required. 'How clean and comfortable!' says the introduced-by-special-order visitor, to his obsequious acquaintance the governor, on observing these admirable arrangements. 'How much better are these scoundrels cared for,' cries the unthinking public, 'than are our honest poor!' It is not, however, that the convict is pampered; but for this unkindly care, he would not be able to endure the punishment which justice has decreed for him. Science has meted out to him each drop of gruel, each ounce of bread, each article of clothing, and each degree of warmth. Not one of all the recipients of this cruel benevolence but would gladly have exchanged places with the shivering tramp or the workhouse pauper. To cower under the leafless branches of Bergen Wood, while the November night-blasts made them grind and clang, would have seemed paradise compared with that snug lodging; nay, the grave itself, with its dim dread Hereafter, has been preferred before it.

Life at Lingmoor was existence by machinery; a monotony that sometimes maddened as well as slew. To read of it, is to understand nothing of this. The bald annals of the place reveal nothing of this terrible secret.

Richard rose at five at clang of bell, cleaned out his cell, and folded up his bed more neatly than did ever chambermaid; at six was breakfast—porridge, and forty minutes allowed for its enjoyment; then chapel and parade; then labour—mat-making was his trade, at which he became a great proficient. His fingers deftly worked, while his mind brooded. At twelve was dinner—bread and potatoes, with seventy minutes allowed for its digestion; then exercise in the yard, and mat-making again till six in summer, and four in winter; prayers, supper, school, till eight; when the weary day was done. On Sunday, except two hours of exercise and chapel, Richard was his own master, to brood as much as he would. There were also no less than three holidays in the year; on which it has been whispered with horror that the convicts have pudding. There was, however, no such excess at Lingmoor.

As for society, there was the chaplain. This gentleman could make nothing of Richard, though he tried his best. It was evident to him that the young man had something on his mind; if he would only confide in his spiritual adviser, he assured him comfort could be administered. But no confidence ever took place. It was a most distressing case; here was a youth of superior position, and well educated, as obstinate and stubborn as the most hardened criminal in the establishment. His Bible was never opened. One of his warders had expressed his opinion that No. 421 was vindictive, but he (the chaplain) was bound to say he had observed nothing of that. The remarks in his note-book respecting 421 were these: 'Richard Yorke—aged twenty, looks ten years older; reserved and cynical; a hopeless infidel, but respectful, uncomplaining, and well mannered.'

Richard had been reported more than once for 'inattention to orders,' and had lost some of his good marks accordingly. The cause of this was one over which he could now be scarcely said to have control. He had become so absent and *distract* that he sometimes hardly knew what was going on about him. The perpetual brooding in which he indulged had, in fact, already postponed

the accomplishment of the very object which enthralled his thoughts. The effect of this was serious; and he had good reason for the apprehension which seized him, that his wits might leave him before that day of liberty arrived, which was still so many years distant. On account of his previous calling, which was described in the prison books as landscape-painter, he had been put to a handicraft trade; but he now applied for barrow-work, and the surgeon seconded his application. This change of occupation, which was destined, in some respects, to be beneficial, proved at the outset most unfortunate. The outdoor toil was mostly spade and barrow labour on the moor, on which the convicts worked in gangs—each gang under supervision of two warders, armed with sword and musket. The first face that Richard's eyes lit on, when he found himself in the open, with the free air of heaven blowing on him, and already, as it seemed, bearing the seeds of health and hope, was that of Robert Balfour. In his joyous excitement, he sprang forward, and held out his hand; the other hesitated—for the old cracksman was prudence itself—then, as if with an uncontrollable impulse, grasped the offered fingers, with an 'I am right glad to see you, lad.' The next instant they were both in custody, and marched back to the prison, charged with the high crime and misdemeanour of conversation, which at Lingmoor was called 'colloquing,' 'conspiracy,' and other terrible terms. Brought before the authorities upon this serious charge, Richard at once confessed himself alone to blame; the fresh air had, in a manner, intoxicated him, after his long confinement within stone walls; and the sight of his old acquaintance had caused him to forget the rules. On the offence-list being examined, it was found, however, that No. 421 was a good deal in the habit of forgetting. His cell-warder gave him but an indifferent character; and Richard, in a fury, committed the fatal indiscretion of rebutting this latter accusation by a counter-charge of tyranny and ill-usage. The next instant he could have bitten his tongue out—but it was too late; he felt that he had made an enemy of this body-servant, who was also his master, for the remainder of his term. An 'old hand,' unless he is a professional garrotter (in which case he is generally too much respected to be ill-used), is always careful to keep on good terms with his attendant; otherwise—since a warder's word, if it be not law, is at all events worth that of ten prisoners—there may be no end to your troubles. This is not because warders are not as a class a most respectable body of men, but simply because you can't get all the virtues for a guinea a week. A strict and impartial sense of justice is especially a rare and dear article—even governors have sometimes been deficient in it; most men have their prejudices, as women have their spites; and a prejudice against a fellow-creature is a thing that grows. Richard's warder was no tyrant: only a sullen, ignorant fellow in a false position; he had an almost absolute power over his fellow-creatures, and like many—perhaps like most—who have ever possessed such a thing, it was too much for him.

'I am a tyrant, am I?' said he significantly, as he marched Richard back to his cell, after sentence was decreed. 'Very well; we'll see.'

Richard got bread and water for three days

certain, and, what was far worse, another 'monstrous cattle' might be cut out of that period of remission, which began to be all the dearer in his eyes, the more problematical it grew. Garroters, as we have said, were respected at Lingmoor; they are so ready with their great ape-like hands, and so dull-brained with respect to consequences; yet Richard's warder, when he brought his bread and water, with a grin, that night, was probably as near to death by strangling as he had ever been during his professional experience. It was not that he was on his own account the object of his prisoner's wrath, but that by his conduct he had, as it were, supplemented the inexpiable wrong originally committed, and earned for himself a portion of the undying hate which was due elsewhere. 'I may kill this brute some day,' thought Richard ruefully, 'in spite of myself.' And he resolved on the first opportunity to communicate a certain secret which was on his mind to a friendly ear; so that that at least should be utilised to the disadvantage of his foes, in case uncontrollable passion should one day compel him to sacrifice a lesser victim, and make his great revenge to fail. It had not once entered into his mind that he could forego his purpose, but only that circumstances might render it impossible.

The occasion for which he looked was not long in coming. His days of punishment concluded, he was once more marched out upon the moor, and again found himself in Balfour's company. Not a sign passed between them this time, but as they delved they talked. 'I fear you have been suffering for my sake,' said Richard.

'It is no matter. My shoulders are broad enough for two,' returned the other kindly. 'I am right glad to see your face again, though it is so changed. You have been ill, have you not, lad?'

'I don't know. Something is wrong with me, and I may be worse—that is why I want to speak to you. Listen!'

'All right. Don't look this way, and sink your voice if either of these dogs comes to leeward.'

'If you get away from this place, and I don't'—

'Now, none of that, lad,' interrupted the old man earnestly. 'That's the worst thing you can get into your head at Lingmoor, if you ever want to leave it. Never say die, nor even think it. I am three times your age, and yet I mean to get out again and enjoy myself. It is but fifteen years now, without counting remission—though I've got into disgrace with my cursed watchdog, and shan't get much of that—and you must keep a good heart.'

'I shall keep a firm one,' answered Richard, 'never fear. I wish to guard against contingencies, that's all. If I die'—

'Damned if you shall,' said Balfour sturdily, quite innocent of any plagiarism from Uncle Toby.

'Very good,' continued Richard coolly. 'If you get out of this before me, let us merely say, I have something to tell you which may be of service to you. There's a man in Breakneckshire called Carew of Crompton'—

'I know him: the gentleman born as put on the gloves with Bendigo at Birmingham?'

'Very likely; at all events, everybody knows him in the Midlands. He will go to the dogs some day, and his estate will be sold. You have saved money, you tell me; if the chance occurs, you can't invest it better than in the lot called Wheal Danes, a mine in Cornwall.'

'I believe you every word,' said Balfour, 'but a mine would be rather over my figure, wouldn't it? I have only got eight hundred pounds.'

'That would be plenty. It's a disused mine, and supposed to be worked out. There's only one man in England that knows it is not so, except myself. He will come or send to the auction, expecting to get it cheap; but do you bid two hundred pounds beforehand, and get it by private contract. Say you want the place—it's close to the sea—for building purposes; they'll laugh at you, and jump at your offer. The fee-simple is not supposed to be worth five shillings an acre. It will turn out a gold mine to whoever gets it.'

'Wheal Danes,' repeated Balfour carefully. 'I'll remember that; and what is more, lad, I'll not forget the man as told me of it. It's not the profit that I am speaking on: that will be yours, I hope, as it should be in all reason, and not mine; but it's the confidence.' The old man's voice grew husky with emotion. 'Damme, I liked you from the first, as was natural enough; but there was no reason why you should take a fancy to an old thief like me, more than any other among this pretty lot here. The first as speaks of secrets is of course the one as runs the risk, but I will do what I can to shew myself honourable on my side. You have trusted me, and I'll trust you.'

'Have you any plan to get away from this?' whispered Richard eagerly. 'All that I have shall be yours: I swear it.'

'Nay, lad; your word's enough,' returned the other reproachfully. 'And I don't covet nothing of yours; indeed, I don't.'

'I was a brute to talk so to you, Balfour,' answered Richard penitently. 'But you don't know how I crave for freedom: it makes me mad to think of it.'

'Ay, ay; I know,' sighed the old fellow. 'It used to be so with me once; but now it only comes on me when my term is nearly up. One gets patient as one gets old, you'll find. No; I've no plan just now; though, if I ever have, I promise you, you shall be the man to know it. It's another matter altogether that I meant to tell you about. You've given me an address to remember: let me give you another in exchange for it—No. 91 Earl Street East, Spitalfields. That's where mother lives, if the poor soul is alive to whom you wrote for me from Cross Key. She'll be dead, however, long before you or I get out of this, that's certain, or I should not be telling you what I do; for one's mother is the best friend of all friends, and should come first and foremost. Well, the money will do her no good; and if anything happens to me, I have neither chick nor child to inherit it. I am speaking of this eight hundred pound, lad. If I get into the world, I shall want it for myself, for I doubt my limbs will be too stiff for work by that time; but if not, then you shall have it—every shilling. I am digging my own grave, as it might be, with this spade, and making my will, do you see?' said the old fellow, smiling.

'I thank you for your kind intentions,' returned Richard absently; 'it's very good of you, I'm sure.' His hopes of some scheme of present release had been excited by the old man's manner, and this faint and far-off prospect of a legateehip seemed but of little worth.

'I may not have another chance to tell you about it,' resumed Balfour. 'It is five years now

since you and I spoke together last, and it may be another five years before such good luck happens again; so don't forget 91 Earl Street East. It's under the middle stone of the back kitchen, all in golden guids. You needn't mind it being "swag;" and as for those whose own it is by rights, I could not tell you who the half of it belonged to, if I would. It's the savings of an industrious life, lad,' added Mr Balfour pathetically; 'and I should be sorry to think, if anything happened to me, that it should lie there useless, or be found accidental like, and perhaps fall into the hands of the blue-bottles. Your memory's good, my lad, I daresay, and you won't forget the number nor the street.'

'My memory is very good, friend,' returned Richard slowly; 'and I have only two or three things else to keep in it. And you, on your part, you will not forget the mine?'

'Nay, nay; I've got it safe: Wheal Danes, Wheal Danes.'

'Silence, down there!' roared the warder; and nothing but the squeak of the barrow-wheel and the clean slice of the spade was heard in all that throng of involuntary toilers.

P I N S.

THE pin, unpoetical trifle as it is, points the climax of one of Shakspeare's finest and most pathetic speeches:

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

Curiously enough, the poet's mouth-piece is that melancholy specimen of English kings, the Second Richard, whose queen, besides teaching English ladies how to ride in a seemly unmanly fashion, introduced pins to their toilet-tables. 'Queen Anne,' says Miss Strickland, 'made some atonement for importing this hideous fashion (horned caps), by introducing the use of pins, such as are used at our present toilets. Our chroniclers declare that, previously to her arrival in England, the English fair fastened their robes with skewers—a great misrepresentation, for even as early as the Roman Empire the use of pins was known; and British barrows have been opened wherein were found numbers of very neat and efficient little ivory pins, which had been used in arranging the grave-clothes of the dead; and can these irreverent chroniclers suppose that English ladies used worse fastenings for their robes in the fourteenth century?' Our lady historian is righteously indignant. Pins of some sort must have been in vogue long before the days of Anne of Bohemia, or pinnakers could scarcely have been in existence; and we find that two 'pynners' were elected to the Common Council of the City of London in the fiftieth year of Edward III.'s reign. The ordinances of the Pinners appear too in the civic compilation called the *White Book*, but unfortunately we cannot gather any information from them regarding the wares in which

the Pinners dealt: they were probably pins of ivory, bone, and wood, for we should suppose the gold and silver pins ornamented with precious stones used by great folks and the higher ecclesiastics were rather the productions of the jewellers and goldsmiths.

Among the privy expenses of Elizabeth of York, afterwards married to Henry VII., we find, under the date of 1502:

Paid John Belly for 300 pins for the queen's letter
at 4d. the 100.....12d.
Item for Pin Powder.....12d.

The brass wire pins are generally said to have been imported from France, but from the fact that sundry complaints were made from time to time against divers Flemish merchants for bringing in pins from the Netherlands, we are inclined to believe that the pin, like the thimble, was a Dutch invention. Be this as it may, the English Pinners soon took to the manufacture, and upon their engaging to keep the public well supplied at reasonable prices, an act of parliament was passed in 1542, forbidding the sale of any sort of pins, excepting 'onellie suche as shalbe double-headed, and have the heades souldered faste to the shanke of the pynne well smethed, the shanke well shaven, the pointe well and rounde fyled, canted, and sharpened.' The English pinmakers, however, proved unable or unwilling to keep their part of the bargain, and complaints were so loudly made that His Majesty's lieges were not competently served, nor were likely to be, that in 1545 the act was declared 'frustrate and nichillated, and to be repealed for ever.'

By this time they were in such common use that

If she were never so foul a dowdy, with her kelles
and her pins,
The shrew herself could shroud both her chekys
and her chins,

while they were cheap enough to be accepted as representative of infinitesimal value. Hamlet declares he does not set his life at a pin's fee; Lucio, urging on the pleading Isabella, says:

If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it;
and that much troubled lady, reproaching her unworthy brother, tells him:

O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Old Tusser rhymes:

His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can;
His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee then.

And the phrase, 'I don't care a pin,' is at least as old as Spenser:

Soon after comes the cruel Saracen,
And sternly looks at him, who, not a pin
Does care for look of living creature's eye.

Pins and poking-sticks figure among the wares of the merry rogue Autolycus; and the lover in the old ballad says:

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Another time a tawdry lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth I'll die before thy face;

showing that a present of pins had come down from being an acceptable New-year's offering to noble dames, to be the ordinary fairing of a country lover to his low-born lass.

Pearl-headed pins were fashionable at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and among the goods and chattels of Lettice, Countess of Leicester, were inventoried silver pins, blue pins, and 'many thousand pins.'

In 1614, the London pinmakers, desiring to obtain a charter of incorporation, promised Sir Ralph Winwood four thousand pounds, or a moiety of the profits on the commerce in pins, if he would use his influence in their behalf; and two years later, they got their charter confirmed, securing the sole pre-emption of foreign pins, which were forbidden to be landed at any port but that of London. At this time they were associated with the Wire-makers and Girdlers (makers of girdles or belts), but in 1631 were, at their own desire, separated from them. In 1635, upon the renewal of their privileges by Charles I., the Pinners covenanted to pay His Majesty five hundred pounds a year for ever; which Charles disposed of by giving it as a pension to his queen. Charles II. confirmed this charter upon regaining the throne, and subsequently entered into a curious contract with the Pinners, by which he bound himself to raise twenty thousand pounds to provide a stock of wire, and to take all the pins they made at prices fixed by the Lord Treasurer; the Pinners, on their part, undertaking to deliver seventy thousand pounds-weight of ordnance half-yearly to the Master of the Ordnance (receiving ten thousand pounds at expiration of the contract), and to pay five hundred a year to Sir Edward Butter, and a fifth of that amount to Sir William Killigrew—that couple of gentlemen making a nice thing out of what Killigrew called 'the pin business.'

From the custom of husbands, in the days when pins were precious things, allowing their wives so much money for their purchase, sprang the term 'pin-money,' afterwards applied to the income settled upon a woman on her marriage for her own proper use. Addison did not approve of pin-money. He says: 'In proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly;' and then goes on to ask, what would a foreigner think of a lover giving up his mistress because he was unwilling to keep her in pins? 'But what would he think if he were informed that she asked five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? What a prodigal consumption of pins he would suppose takes place in this island.' After expressing the wish that the allowance had been called needle-money, so as to have implied 'something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts,' he declares that she is penny wise and pound foolish who will trust her person to one upon whom she would not rely for the common necessities of life, and finishes up with the suggestion, that every owner of an estate should mark out so many acres of it to be devoted to his wife's use, and called 'The Pins.'

We have modern poetical authority that once,

Upon Saint Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adornings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;

one of these ceremonies being the taking of a row of pins, and pulling them out one by one while repeating a paternoster. Then, by sticking a pin in his or her sleeve, the prying, love-sick damsel or youth might insure sweet dreams of a dear companion for life. Near most Cornish wells, says Mr Haslam, pins may be collected by hand-fuls; but these pin-wells into which passers-by drop a pin as they go, in order to propitiate the fairy of the waters, are not confined to the county of Tre, Pol, and Pen, but are found in several parts of England. At a holy well in Wales, dedicated of old time to the Virgin Mary, and supposed to be under her especial guardianship, it is customary to throw in a crooked pin, in the belief that if the dropper possesses faith, all the other pins within the well may be seen rising from the depth profound to greet and welcome the new-comer.

Kitty Hudson of Nottingham, who was employed when very young in cleaning the aisles and pews of the church, used to store all the pins she picked up in her mouth—a fellow-servant giving her some sweet stuff whenever she brought her a mouthful of pins. She got so used to having her mouth full of them, that at length she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep without them; and before her friends became aware of Kitty's extraordinary mania, her double teeth had granulated away almost to the gums. At last, sleep refused to be bribed by any number of pins, her limbs became numb, and the pin-swallower was taken into Nottingham Hospital, where she had to undergo a series of operations, even to the cutting away of her breasts, resulting in the extraction of a great number of pins and needles from various parts of her body. While in hospital, Kitty contrived to make the acquaintance of a male patient, and when she was discharged, married him, and lived to bear seventeen children.

Birmingham, into which the trade was introduced about a hundred years ago, is now the headquarters of the pin-manufacture. Then a single pin passed through fourteen pair of hands in the operations of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, cutting heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning pins, whitening, washing, drying and polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking, and finally papering up. Adam Smith, arguing on the advantages of the division of labour, can find no better illustration than that afforded in the making of a pin. 'Not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pin is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the papers; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which in some manufactories are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the

necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day.'

Adam Smith would now have to seek elsewhere for illustrations of the benefit of division of labour, thanks to the American Wright, who brought out, in 1824, a machine producing a perfect pin during the revolution of a single wheel. This machine, improved in many ways, is that employed at the largest pin-factory in Birmingham at the present day.

Pin papers are generally marked by means of a moulded piece of wood, the moulds corresponding to those portions representing the small folds through which the pins are passed and held. The paperer, usually a girl, gathers two of the folds of the paper together, and places them—a small portion projecting—between the jaws of a vice, having grooves channelled in them, to serve as a guide for the placing of the pins. When filled, the paper is released, and held so that the light strikes upon it, when the eye at once detects every defective pin, and the ready hand removes it. One house consumes three tons of brass wire per week in producing these ever-wasted utilities, the consumption of which in this country alone is calculated at fifteen millions per day.

WOODED AND WON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

MR RIVERS's house, as I have said before, was a large old-fashioned mansion, at one end of the principal street of Greenside, a long row of houses fronting the sea. The harbour, often thickly filled with sailing-vessels, lay beyond the house, a stretch of grassy links intervening; behind was a large high-walled garden, from which, passing through a door in the wall, one could in a moment reach the sands, and rejoice in the rushing of the fresh breezes blowing direct from the sea, which, when the tide was high, dashed up almost to the very wall of the garden. The old town of Greenside was built on a long narrow point running out into the sea, so would-be horticulturists had many drawbacks to contend with, in spite of which, however, thanks to the combined exertions of Mr Rivers and an old gardener, this garden presented a bright and cheerful appearance from very early in spring till very late in autumn.

In this peaceful spot Maud Leslie had loved to play at gardening ever since she could remember; and during the long summer holidays of the previous year, her light tools had been in daily use, though the weather had been of the most unsettled kind, and most other young ladies had been content with indoor recreations of novel-reading, fancy-work, &c., an occasional little saunter on the sands doing duty as outdoor exercise.

Maud was certainly a rare variety of the middle-class young-lady genus. She liked active exercise of every description—riding, boating, gardening, by turns were engaged in with hearty zest. She liked the company of rough, merry, old folks like her uncle and his gardener, who was one of her

particular friends; she did not much like books, or music, or drawing, or any of the orthodox young lady occupations; neither did she seem to take well to girlish companionships; so I suppose she was justly described by her uncle as a *rara avis*, though she was after all a very good, honest, warm-hearted little woman, whom most sensible folks had a liking and a respect for. 'The little *brunette* was worth half-a-score of ordinary young ladies,' one gentleman friend at least used to maintain. This was Mr Norris of the Cliff, a near neighbour of the Archers, and the owner of a small estate, to which he had unexpectedly succeeded some years before. He was a native of Greenside; and when a very young man had fallen deeply in love with Maud's mother, then a beautiful girl a year or two his senior. Refused by her, he had hurriedly sailed for India, whence he had returned a middle-aged, tolerably happy man, who had now no cares but those connected with his property, and the investment of the moderate fortune industry and good-luck combined had enabled him to make during his long residence in India. Mr Norris was not yet forty-five; he was handsome and well-bred; and, when he chose, agreeable. He was certainly clever, and as certainly liberal in his ideas; he had a fine modern mansion, tastefully furnished, and in want of a mistress; so we may be sure he was warmly welcomed back to his native place, especially by those who had marriageable daughters to dispose of.

And yet here was Mr Norris a bachelor still. His heart appeared impenetrable to the fair besiegers, and one by one they decamped. However, at last there came a day when this same heart surrendered at discretion—surrendered to one who had never laid siege to it or any other heart—brown-eyed little Maud.

Maud knew nothing of his love for her, nor, indeed, thought of him as even a possible lover. His age, wisdom, and general superiority seemed to put him outside of the circle in which she expected to find a lover. She liked him very well, and was frank and natural in giving expression to her liking; even in the dry sarcastic moods in which he now and then indulged, she liked him, and instinctively perceived his underlying kindness and noble qualities; but she had never thought of him except as a friend.

Indeed, her cousin Leigh had, though quite unconsciously to him, filled the chief place in the girl's innocent heart. He had been her Hero since she was a little girl in pinafores, and he a slim, strong, curly-headed stripling, who, with a Spartan scorn of life, unstirred by noble excitement, had many a time perilled his own neck and hers in wondrous exploits by land and by water. Now in his grave, strong manhood, she looked on him with the old admiring eyes, and thankfully treasured up in her heart every kindly word and pleasant look he bestowed on her, fondly fancying that the natural kindness with which he regarded her—the merry little cousin who had grown up under his eye—was a dawning love, that would in time be to her a new sunshine, in whose warmth she would joy all her life long.

Lately, Katie Archer had come between them, and, somewhat perplexed, she had watched them with wistful observation, yet failed to find proofs of their love for each other. Both proud and self-restrained, they had confided their attachment to

no one, and rumour alone had prepared Maud for the blow the news of their engagement would be.

While Leigh Rivers was rejoicing in the delight of knowing his love returned, and sunning himself in Katie Archer's smiles, Maud, her uncle, and Mr Norris were forming a whist-party in the cosy parlour at home.

Poor Maud, guessing where Leigh was, and wearily surmising how he would be engaged, played very badly that night. Her partner, Mr Norris, keen whist-player as he was, displayed most edifying patience; but her uncle, who had not the same motive for self-restraint, repeatedly expressed his annoyance at her carelessness, finally, as Maud revoked for the third time, throwing down his cards, and refusing to continue the game.

'There's no use playing if you have no interest in your game, Maud. Go and amuse yourself any way you like, and leave Mr Norris and me to keep each other company,' he said angrily, looking very much displeased; and thereupon, to the sincere concern of both gentlemen, the fair culprit's lip began to quiver, and her eyes to fill in an ominous manner.

'I am very sorry, Uncle Bob. I have a headache to-night, and feel a little stupid,' she said in the meekest of tones, glancing apologetically up into her uncle's frowning face, whence the frown immediately vanished. Maud was not in the habit of taking a rebuke thus humbly, and therefore her reply thus completely disarmed her assailant.

'Poor little lassie, why didn't you say so long ago? I thought you didn't think Norris and me worth attending to,' old Mr Rivers said, kindly stretching out a friendly hand across the table to the girl, who, very much ashamed of her inclination to cry, took it, and affected to be amused by this demonstration of repentance.

'You're a dear old fellow, Uncle Bob; and you know I like to be with you and Mr Norris,' she said laughing, and turning round to the latter gentleman, who had been looking at her in a kindly, concerned way, whereupon Mr Norris followed Mr Rivers's example, and took firm hold of her disengaged little hand.

'And so your uncle's an old fellow, is he, Miss Maud? And pray, what am I? Another old fellow, eh?' he asked, looking hard at her.

Maud, who had gulped down her tears, and was herself again, answered him quite briskly: 'I don't consider you old at all, Mr Norris. I'd never think of calling you an old fellow,' she said, smiling up into her questioner's face, and still allowing her hand to lie in his.

'What would you think of calling me, then?—a middle-aged fellow? Lord bless us, call me anything but that!' Mr Norris continued in tones of mock-alarm; and then they all three fell to laughing over this little joke.

'How's the headache, eh, Maud?' old Mr Rivers presently asked, looking rather mischievous. Maud tossed her head in a little impatience.

'Oh, it's better, Uncle Bob. My headaches are like other folk's attacks of gout—always come on when I feel out of temper,' the young lady said in significant tones; and when they had done a little more joking, she begged that the interrupted game might be resumed, and promised to retrieve her lost character as a player.

The game was resumed, and for a time all went smoothly; but, alas, fortune was against our little

Chamber's
Oct. 27, 1878.
lady.
radiant
threw h
made i
attenti
'Do
looking
last; a
obeyed
rather
till the
pleasan
did not
Maud
piece of
posture
Norris,
card-pl
'You
not me
said gr
prepari
Some
no ans
The th
she was
'I ne
uncle a
cudgels
to-nigh
he said
Leigh
them b
'And
unusu
'She
lying o
here fo
what ar
'You
get one
and wa
warmth
'I d
about a
man lif
and ca
upon,'
tone:
"envy
my lad
Mr
state o
other c
help fo
no just
Whi
She ha
everyb
'Th
breeze
for a
beseech
him, sh
his nee
advant
making
desired
Feel
Norris
Rivers

lady. Leigh Rivers returned unusually merry and radiant, and taking up his post behind her chair, threw her into an inward fever of agitation, which made it impossible for her to give the required attention to the cards.

'Do sit down, Leigh: I can't play with any one looking over my shoulder,' Maud said crossly at last; and looking a little hurt by her tone, Leigh obeyed her, occupying himself with a book, or rather pretending to occupy himself with a book, till the unlucky game was over. He had very pleasant thoughts to entertain him, in truth, and did not find the time long.

Maud it was who kept glancing at the time-piece on the chimney-piece, restlessly changing her postures, and giving many signs of weariness. Mr Norris, with kind tact, managed at last to end the card-playing.

'You may bless your stars you had Norris, and not me for your partner, Miss Maud,' her uncle said grimly as she rose from the table, and was preparing to make an ignominious retreat.

Somewhat to everybody's surprise, Maud made no answer, but walked straight towards the door. The three gentlemen looked concerned, thinking she was seriously offended.

'I never saw the lassie so provoking before,' her uncle said testily; and Mr Norris took up the cudgels in her defence. 'She isn't looking well to-night. You are too hard on the child, Rivers,' he said reproachfully.

Leigh Rivers laid down his book, and looked at them both with a smile glimmering in his eyes. 'And so little Maud is in a pet. Why, that is unusual,' he said.

'She has a headache, and ought to have been lying down resting, instead of being kept sitting here for our pleasure,' retorted Mr Norris, somewhat angrily.

'You will look well after your wife, when you get one, Mr Norris,' Leigh laughed in good-humour, and was surprised at the seemingly unnecessary warmth of that gentleman's reply.

'I daresay I'd be less selfish and less careless about a woman's feelings than a self-satisfied young man like you, who have the world all before you, and can marry almost any girl you like to smile upon,' he said; presently adding in quite another tone: 'There's a little outbreak of middle-aged "envy and malice and all uncharitableness," Leigh, my lad.'

Mr Norris had a vague perception of the real state of matters existing, quite unperceived by other eyes, in this little household, and could not help feeling provoked, though aware that he had no just cause for feeling so.

While he was speaking, Maud entered the room. She had put on her hat and a warm shawl, as everybody saw with surprise.

'The moonlight is so lovely, and such a glorious breeze is blowing, that I cannot resist a longing for a run on the sands,' she explained, looking beseechingly at her uncle, and then, coming up to him, she kissed him, and putting her arms round his neck, laid her flushed cheek to his, and in that advantageous position, found no difficulty in making her peace with him, and getting the desired permission to go.

Feeling sure that she wanted to be alone, Mr Norris made no offer to accompany her; but Leigh Rivers, who had no such conviction, started to his

feet, and volunteered his company in such an unhesitating free-and-easy way, that she felt it would look suspicious to object to it.

'Let the lassie go alone; she isn't able for talking to-night,' Mr Norris said, biting his lip in a vexed way, as he saw Maud's momentary look of perplexed disappointment; but unconscious Leigh was not to be baffled.

'She needn't talk; I'll do the talking for once,' he said, looking so happy and bright that Maud could not but believe he had some glad confidences to make. Pride made her equal to the occasion, and none but a very keen observer could have discovered the hypocrisy of the little laugh and jesting reply which followed his inquiry whether he might come with her.

'Of course, Leigh; my malady has not yet bereft me of my hearing powers,' she said, looking up into his face quite archly; and then, with a merry parting salutation, and a promise to be back to supper in a quarter of an hour, she went off escorted by the young man, who had lighted his cigar, and was quite pleased at the prospect of this excellent opportunity of unbosoming himself to his pretty cousin, of whose interest and sympathy he felt quite secure.

Poor little cousin! how her heart beat, how her brain whirled, how her limbs trembled, the while she looked up at him with a brave smiling face, and spoke to him in cheerful tones—if he had but known, how he would have hated himself for his unmerciful torturing of her; but he did not know, and so dashed boldly into the dreaded subject.

'I have something delightful to tell you, Maud, something about Katie,' he said, drawing her arm within his, as, having passed through the garden-gate, they reached the sands; and as he spoke, he looked down into her face, which seemed to him to grow white all at once.

'Are you cold? You look pale, Maud,' he added.

She shivered involuntarily, and drew him on. 'A little; the wind is cold to-night, but I like it. I guess what you're going to tell, Mr Leigh,' she said quite lightly, glancing up at him, and shaking her head. She would not for the world have let him know how weakly fond of him she was.

'And what do you guess, Maud?' he asked, smiling in a dreamy, complacent way, and looking, not at her, but straight before him, over the expanse of sands glimmering in the moonlight. The tide was in, and the waves rippled musically at their feet, as, keeping close by the edge of the sea, they walked slowly on arm in arm.

'I guess, as a Yankee says, she is going to be your wife some day soon: am I right, Leigh?' the girl said, in a voice that sounded harsh in her own ears, though Leigh Rivers, engrossed with his own affairs, noticed nothing unusual in it.

'Quite right, Maud—quite right, in one respect at least: she is going to be my wife, I hope, but whether soon or not, I can't yet tell,' he answered; and then once more putting his cigar between his lips, they walked on in silence.

'And why not soon?' Maud asked after a minute, so sharply that he started from his reverie, and looked down at her in wonder.

'Well, there are some obstacles just at present. You see'—He interrupted his explanation to ask in a grieved tone: 'You aren't vexed about this, Maud?'

'Vexed! No, not in the least. How could you

think such a thing. Everybody likes Katie Archer; she is very pretty, and very sensible and amiable, and has the sweetest, calmest temper in the world. You will suit each other admirably,' Maud hastened to answer.

He had an uneasy suspicion that she spoke sarcastically, and that so unusual a proceeding on her part must proceed from doubt as to whether this marriage would be for her own advantage. Feeling in a good-humour towards all mankind, as he did at that moment, he could not but feel very kindly disposed towards this dear, dependent, little cousin, and hastened to say what he thought would set her mind quite at ease.

'We aren't in any hurry, Maud; you shall be our little housekeeper as long as you like; at least, you shall be my father's. Katie and I must get a house for ourselves for a year or two at least; and then when you marry, and leave the old man—as I know you'll be doing some of these days—we'll go and live with him, eh, Maud?' he said very kindly and gently, and as he spoke, he gave her arm a friendly little pressure.

Maud did not speak for a few moments; when she did, it was with more than her former irritation of tone. 'Leigh,' she said, 'when making your arrangements, remember that I belong to Uncle Bob; I don't ever mean to leave him. Whatever is for his comfort and happiness, will be welcome to me.'

Leigh Rivers was completely at a loss to understand her, and in his ignorance, made matters worse by saying: 'My father never for a moment thought of you sacrificing your life to him; indeed, he could not be happy if you did so.—Only wait till the right man turns up, Maud,' he added in a jesting tone.

Maud bit her lips, and looked straight before her, in no mood for bantering.

'Won't Mr Norris do, Maud? You are a great favourite of his, I know,' Leigh continued, half in earnest and half in joke.

Poor little Maud, keenly wounded, came to a sudden stop, and drew her arm out of his in a fit of girlish wrath. 'Mr Norris is worth a score of you, Leigh Rivers,' she said hotly, tears starting to her eyes. 'Mr Norris would not say such unfeeling, insulting things to—to——' A burst of tears finished her sentence, and then, ere he could prevent her, she hurried away in the direction of home, leaving him keenly distressed, to follow, meditating on the reason of this strange behaviour.

'I do believe she's fond of Norris, the odd little thing; if so, she needn't break her heart, for I'm sure he's fifty times fonder of her. I'll give him a hint, and let him act on it if he likes.' Such was the conclusion to which he came.

CHAPTER IV.

A week after the events recorded in the last chapter, Maud Leslie, busy propping up a rose-bush the winds had laid low, was startled by a voice close beside her; and looking up, perceived Mr Norris, who had come into the garden by the door opening on to the beach, and had gained her side unobserved. The hastily assumed look of cheerfulness with which she greeted him did not have the desired effect—he knew well that she was unhappy, and only affected ignorance in order to save her embarrassment.

Leigh Rivers had found an opportunity of putting his little scheme into practice, and had been quite pleased with its seeming effect—Mr Norris's more marked advances to his pretty cousin. Leigh had, in truth, been somewhat puzzled by the odd sarcastic expression which that gentleman's face had assumed, when, in the most delicate way possible, Leigh had hinted his own conviction of the young lady's preference for him (Mr Norris); but as the latter had said nothing indicating superior knowledge of her preferences, he had left him with his own opinion still unshaken.

Leigh had on this occasion told Mr Norris of his own engagement to Katie Archer, so making it appear useless to make any attempt at enlightening the young man as to the real state of matters.

On consideration, Mr Norris had determined to ask the girl to be his wife. Hurt by her cousin's indifference, and the knowledge that Katie was likely to claim a daughter-in-law's right to care for old Mr Rivers, he thought it possible that she might not be unwilling to accept an offer which would enable her to take a comparatively independent position, while leaving her free to continue to her uncle many of the little attentions she had been in the habit of rendering. Besides, Maud liked him, after a fashion, he felt sure, and so she could not do better than just forget this girlish love, and settle down into the quiet, well-cared-for existence that awaited her as his wife.

Such were his views of the matter, and he had come to present them to her.

'Come into the house and rest—you look tired-out, Miss Maud,' Mr Norris said when they had exchanged greetings; and as he spoke, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on her face, bent over the unfortunate rose-bush.

Protesting that she was quite well, and had not been over-exerting herself in any way, she walked up the garden by his side, and entering the drawing-room by the window which opened on the little terraced lawn, they sat down, Maud in a low rocking-chair by the fire, and he in an easy-chair opposite.

'Uncle Bob and Leigh won't be here for an hour—you'll stay and dine with us, Mr Norris!' Maud asked, presently noticing, with some wonderment, the hesitation with which he answered: 'I don't know yet—it depends upon circumstances. Upon circumstances over which I have no control,' he added, smiling, and looking at her in a queer half-sad, half-humorous way; and then, to her increased wonderment, he quitted his chair, and coming close up to her, stood leaning on the mantelpiece, and silently surveying her for a few moments, during which a dawning conviction of what was coming prevented her from attempting to open any indifferent conversation.

'Little Maud,' he said at last, smiling very tenderly down on her, 'you like me in a sort of a way, don't you?'

Maud's colour rose, but she looked up at him quite steadily, and answered boldly: 'Why, Mr Norris, I like you very much; you know that.'

He smiled again in the same way, still looking hard at her out of his kind, serious, dark eyes, whence the humorous look had vanished. 'Listen, then, little Maud,' he said. 'I am growing old, and life seems dull and lonely, when one has no woman-body to brighten it up a bit.' He paused, and sighed, presently hurrying on. 'Couldn't you

Chambers's
Oct. 22, 1870.
like m
Maud
me, at
think.
for you
as I liv
Maud
chair,
sciousl
you e
laying
him in
wife.—
added,
Mr
momen
commen
doing
sat dow
the fir
glance
was by
wished
'He
hands
he was
pity to
and m
sat in
the old
After
room,
turbid
stood
over h
face w
'We'r
said;
upset
great
was v
in spi
unvary
'Why
have I
as a f
dropp
and tal
hand,
'You'
know
girlhoo
won't
and k
to spee
marry
He pa
dashed
to whi
the sa
that o
you, ju
momen
heard
want r
you m
do m
gulp
of cou
I woul
'Mr

like me well enough to be my dear little wife, Maud? I don't expect you to do more than like me, and I wouldn't be selfish and exacting, I think. Won't you come to me, and let me care for you, and watch over you, and love you, so long as I live, eh, dear?

Maud ceased swaying herself in her rocking-chair, as, in her embarrassment, she had unconsciously been doing, and rose to her feet. 'I like you ever so much, Mr Norris,' she said softly, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up at him in a grave, kind way; 'but I can't be your wife.—I don't mean ever to marry anybody,' she added, seeing his disappointed, hurt look.

Mr Norris looked at her in silence for a few moments, then, with a sigh, turned away, and commenced pacing the room, as he had a way of doing when he was thinking over anything. Maud sat down in her chair, and seemed busy studying the fire, though now and then she cast a sly glance at this first wooer, to whom, indeed, she was by no means so indifferent as she just then wished to fancy herself.

'He was very nice, and very clever, and very handsome in his big, strong, manly style; and then he was so kind and tender over her, it seemed a pity to refuse him; only she had done with love and marriage for ever.' Thus she thought as she sat in silent expectation of hearing him return to the old subject.

After two or three turns up and down the large room, Mr Norris came back to her, all the disturbed, vexed look vanished from his face. He stood directly before her chair, his arms folded over his breast, and his eyes fixed on her upturned face with a grave, kind tenderness in their depths. 'We're friends all the same, aren't we, Maud?' he said; and somehow his kind tone and look fairly upset her, and all of a sudden her eyes filled with great tears, and her lip quivered. Poor girl! she was very unhappy and heart-sick just then, and, in spite of all her pride, could not maintain the unvarying composure she would fain have exhibited. 'Why, lassie, what is it? I haven't vexed you, have I?' he asked in evident concern; and then, as a few big crystal drops fell from the hastily dropped eyelids, he drew a chair close to hers, and taking possession of her trembling, little, brown hand, held it firmly in his while he went on: 'You're a very young thing, Maud, and can't know what you may wish for by-and-by, when girlhood is over and gone. You mustn't say you won't marry anybody; but I'm almost an old man, and know myself thoroughly, and so I don't fear to speak decidedly of what I'll not do. I'll never marry anybody but you, little Maud, mind that.' He paused, and Maud, with her disengaged hand, dashed away her tears, and made a feeble protest, to which he seemed deaf. 'And so,' he went on in the same earnest quiet way, 'you'll always know that one little word from you would bring me to you, just as I came to-day, and that the happiest moment of my life would be that in which I heard you speak that word. But mind, lassie, I want nothing but to see you happy. If, some day, you meet a younger, gayer man, whom you could do more than like, I'd be—' he gave a little gulp ere he got out the next word, 'delighted—of course provided he deserved you; and you and I would be dear friends, just the same as ever.'—

'Mr Norris,' Maud interrupted pettishly, 'I told

you before that I shall never marry anybody—at least I don't think I ever shall. I do wish you would not speak of such improbable events.'

Mr Norris smiled, and released the little hand he had continued to hold in his. 'I shan't ask you again, Maud,' he said. 'If ever you change your mind, and feel inclined to take pity on me in my loneliness, you must tell me so: you'll do that, won't you? I'm not going to run the risk of being twice refused by the same young lady,' he added, shaking his head at her as she looked up half-laughing and half-crying.

'And now, I suppose you won't stay to dinner, Mr Norris?' the girl said presently with a little impatient sigh.

Mr Norris smiled, and once more took her hand. 'Look, little Maud; you don't understand,' he answered, quite cheerily. 'One's heart grows used to disappointments as one gets on in life; and what in youth would have driven me to despair, now merely depresses and hurts me a little. No matter,' he added hastily, as she would have spoken—'I mean to have a happy evening, and you shall sing me all my favourite songs, by way of making amends for your cruelty. I mean to stay to dinner after all, and to behave so that nobody will believe you, should you boast of having rejected my offer.'

As Mr Norris was speaking, old Mr Rivers opened the door, and with one accord the two occupants of the room started to their feet, and, with an exclamation of wonderment, advanced towards him. His face was ghastly white, his lips twitched convulsively, and every feature bore the stamp of keen suffering. He had an open letter in his hand, and they immediately surmised that its contents caused this fearful change in the merry old man.

'Who is ill?—what has happened, Uncle Bob?' Maud cried, laying her hand on his arm, and looking eagerly up into his face.

The old man looked at her a moment, then, putting her aside, walked up to Mr Norris, moving in a strange groping way, as if he did not see clearly. 'Send the lassie away,' he said in a husky voice; and then he sank down in a chair, and stared into vacancy, a dull blank look settling on his face.

Maud ran up to him, and, clinging to him, in tender tones besought him to tell her what had happened. 'Is Leigh in trouble?' she asked eagerly; and the groan that answered her prepared her for the worst. 'Where is he?—I must see him,' she cried, wringing her hands in an agony of bewildered fear; and she was hurrying out of the room, when her uncle called her back, and seizing her hands, looked imploringly up into her face, which had grown as white and harassed in expression as his own.

'Dinna you turn against me, bairn; my lad's turned against me,' he said, in a choking voice. When excited, he often expressed himself in the Doric that had been familiar to his lips in early days.

'Why, why, uncle?' the girl cried, writhing in impatience, which Mr Norris shared. Mr Rivers held the letter crumpled up in his hand, and neither of them could form any definite idea of what had happened.

The old man looked up into the girl's face with a look of piteous entreaty that cut her to the heart.

'Because I've made him a beggar—him that's worked so hard, and been so steady all his days. But I meant to do great things for him, I did, my lassie, and he shouldna turn against me,' he gasped out; and then, fairly unmanned by the fond caresses with which Maud sought to soothe him, he broke down into tears, and an incoherent sentence of explanation following this pitiful outburst, they at last found out that the failure of a bank, and the rumoured loss of a ship in the building and fitting up of which more than half of the old man's wealth had been invested, had caused this terrible distress. Questioning drew from him a confession, which explained the extreme poignancy of his suffering. The ship had, by an oversight on Mr Rivers's part, been left uninsured. Leigh, who had trusted this matter of business to his father, could not but feel angry at this discovery of his neglect, and so hot words had passed between father and son, between whom hot words had seldom passed before.

Mr Norris and Maud united their efforts to comfort the old man, whom misfortune seemed to have completely unnerved. In a little time Leigh came into the room, and walking up to his father's chair, stood before him in silence for a few moments, during which the old head remained bowed and motionless. Mr Norris went quietly out, and Maud, unable to go just then, withdrew to a distant corner of the room.

'Father, let us be friends: I'm ashamed of myself,' Leigh Rivers said presently, and as he spoke, he laid his hand on the old man's. 'I never was good at begging pardon, you know, father,' he added, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, and then his father looked up, and their hands met in a hearty grasp, that told more than words.

'It's my place to beg pardon, my lad. I've brought you up to think yourself a rich man, and now, through my fault chiefly, you've your own way to push in the world,' old Mr Rivers said, looking at his son in a deprecating way, that went to his heart.

'Perhaps the ship's safe yet, father; whether or not, I'm not to be pitied. I've youth, health, fairly paid work—what more do I need?' Leigh answered hastily, striving to smile, though indeed he was sad enough.

'D'ye think the Archers will let your engagement go on, my lad?' the old man presently asked in a very downcast manner.

Leigh had already asked himself that question a score of times, yet he winced under the torture of hearing another give utterance to it. Maud, from her quiet corner, watched eagerly for his answer, which soon came, low-spoken but firm. 'I suppose they will not. Of course, I'll offer to give her up. If she chooses to take me at my offer, I must just learn to do without her.'

Old Mr Rivers sighed. 'And your heart's set on her, Leigh?' he asked wistfully, sorely disturbed by doubts and fears.

Leigh Rivers dropped his father's hand, and turned away with a gesture of impatience. 'Don't torture me, father. Life will not be life if she forsakes me,' he cried; and acting on impulse, Maud came forward, and, laying a trembling little hand on his arm, stopped him in his hurried pacing of the room.

'She won't forsake you, Leigh. No woman could do such a cruel thing—no woman worthy of

the name. How can you for one moment fancy that, having known and loved you, she would agree to part from you merely because you may not be able to surround her with idle luxuries! Ah! you wrong women, Leigh; we are not so selfish and frivolous as you believe us,' the girl cried, speaking with kindling eyes and rising colour, and looking very noble and generous as she did so.

Her cousin sighed, and shook his head in an incredulous way. 'You are a good little cousin,' he said, and then, bending down, he kissed her on the forehead, just as a brother might have done, whereupon her eyes filled, and, ashamed of her emotion, she hurried out of the room.

Subsequent tidings proved beyond possibility of doubt the total loss of the large fortune Mr Rivers had hoped to bequeath to his son, and the interest of which he had promised to make over to him on his marriage-day, the better to enable him to maintain his young wife in the style to which she had been accustomed. A very moderate income, such as now remained, would necessarily greatly alter the plans for the young couple's establishment, and it remained to be seen whether Katie Archer was ready to sacrifice wealth and position for Leigh Rivers's sake.

AUTUMN TIME.

I SING the mellowed autumn time;
The russet pears, the scarlet haws, the yellow sheaves of autumn time.

The fading, falling autumn time;
The rustling leaves, the saddened winds, the pallid mists of autumn time.

The scented, fragrant autumn time;
The clover balls, the moorland heath, the fresh-ploughed earth of autumn time.

The sober, tranquil autumn time;
The chastened noons, the steadfast stars, the purple glooms of autumn time.

The sweet, soft sounds of autumn time;
The twittering birds, the bleating flocks, the plaining streams of autumn time.

The resting, patient autumn time;
The close-reaped fields, the dew-drenched grass, the low-streaked skies of autumn time.

The grand, prophetic autumn time;
For ripened hearts and sweetened souls called home to God at autumn time.

The Publishers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:
1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 47 Paternoster Row, London.

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. All MSS. should bear the author's full CHRISTIAN name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MSS. should be written on one side of the leaf only. Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return rejected papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.